

THE HOME, ITS PROBLEMS AND INTERESTS

A FILMY CREATION IN BLACK AND WHITE

Ribbon Applique in Fancy Designs Is the Newest Idea in Embroidery.



ALL OVER LACE GOWN TRIMMED
... WITH RIBBON LOVE KNOTS ...

Embroidery and lace, bewilderingly lovely openwork effects over shimmering silk and satin linings—such are the new fashions, whether in gowns, coats, or even hats.

In this filmy creation of black chantilly and white Irish lace an entirely new touch is given by using bow knots of shirred ribbon for trimming.

The Irish lace forms a yoke, and over this the bowknots are laid, giving the effect of rich black and white embroidery. This new "embroidery idea" has come to take the place of the applique and the woven design in laces.

All sorts of patterns are made of shirred ribbon, and then sewed on the lace. The effect is novel and chic. This idea will be adopted at once for the more dressy summer and evening gowns of lace and chiffon.

The foundation of this dress is white peau de cygne, and shows the intricate pattern of the lace to perfection. Below the lace bertha the waist blouses, and is finished with a narrow girde of black satin. The sleeves are full, and the fullness comes straight from the shoulder, but is exaggerated at the elbow. A deep cuff of Irish lace makes a neat finish.

Narrow bands of black satin run in straps around the skirt in rows of seven, while broad lengthwise bands drop from the waistband and are trimmed with the shirred bowknots, which make a unique and pleasing finish to this new reception or dinner gown.

Milkmaid Hat For Pretty Face

At least women are beginning to adopt sensible hats. Or at least, Madame Mode is, and women are, as usual, following in her wake.

The purely ornamental hat—the hat that was attached to the back of the head and covered none of it, that was much like a maulskin on a windy day—has gone out of fashion. And the reaction from this absurdity is naturally in the direction of extreme simplicity and usefulness.

An examination of this sensible mode is the milkmaid hat, which is novel in that it seems to bring back some of the original significance of the hat. It is worn squarely on the head, as though to protect it; has a wide brim to keep the sun out of the eyes, and is trimmed with flowers and ribbons and laces in a simple, dear, old-fashioned way. And the feathers are not put on to stab the face of the passerby, and there are no shoving-brush aigrettes, or weird pretzel rosettes. The new hat is just a pretty, graceful, useful covering that gives a woman an air of sweet reasonableness and youth and gracious good sense.

Now for the materials: White, cream, fuscian and all the pale tints in coarse and fancy braids, then wreaths of pompadour roses or many soft loops of liberty ribbon, and frequently a frill of soft lace falling over the brim from two to three inches deep, or lace, six inches deep, is pulled on the edge of the hat and thrown back from the front like a veil and allowed to fall nearly to the shoulders in the back or in place of the lace at the back, a succession of loops of ribbon drop from the brim and side the hair, unless it is done very low.

Easter Bonnets, Easter Gowns, worn by the beauty and fashion of Washington, New York, Maryland, and Virginia, will be seen at Benning's Easter Monday. Don't miss this picture.

GIFTS FOR THE EASTER BRIDE

The newest thing in gifts for the Easter bride is the bridal set. This consists of a corset bag, corset bow, hose supporters, and a pair of ribbon bands to hold the delicate lingerie. All are made to match of some delicate colored ribbon, or of pure white ribbon.

The corset bag is an indispensable adjunct for the trousseau, for ribbon and silk stays soft easily when left exposed to dust.

The corset bag of one bridal set was about 15 by 16 inches, and of pure white satin ribbon. Forget-me-nots were embroidered with blue ribbons on the bag, which was finished at the top with the frayed ribbon. Narrow white satin ribbons were run through the bag two inches from the top for draw strings.

The bag was lined with pale blue India silk, and sachet powder was sprinkled in the folds of the lining. The corset bow which went with this set was also of blue satin ribbon, but instead of ribbon, which when drawn up formed a bow in the center, it was made in a new way. It was about 10 by 10 inches, and of white satin ribbon. Forget-me-nots were also embroidered on this pad. Instead of a ribbon bow at the top, there was puffing of ribbon, which when drawn up formed a rosette. At the same time, it made a pocket for jewels. Another compartment below, lined with chambray, was for money. It was, therefore, a combination jewel and money bag.

For the bands, three-inch white satin ribbon was used. This was shirred on both edges and stitched to a pale blue India silk lining, which was padded and scented. A large bow covered the clasp on top. Forget-me-nots were embroidered on the ribbon ends. Each piece had the monogram of the bride-elect embroidered on it.

Proper Food For the Very Small Boy

A child's breakfast should include porridge or gruel in some form, with cream. For a long time the child will rely for fats chiefly on butter and cream, of which he hence needs large supplies.

Give him whole wheat bread, which contains not only starch, but gluten, and aids in making bone and muscle as well as in supplying force.

Graham bread, which retains the juice of the grain, has a tendency to produce intestinal irritation.

Besides the various breakfast cereals, whose name is a legion of legions, let him have rice as a vegetable at his noon dinner, or as a supper dish, serving with it always plenty of milk or butter.

When you give him potatoes, which are only 15 per cent starch to 75 per cent water, so that he must devour a large bulk to get a modicum of nutrition, be sure that they are well baked, or stewed in milk, or boiled and whipped to a cream.

Let the child have toast, which is starch in a more advanced stage of conversion toward sugar than dry bread, and vary the butter toast with milk toast, cream toast, tomato toast.

Starch is essential to appetite and digestion in a child's case as that of an adult.

Nothing is prettier or more dainty for bedroom decoration than the upholstery dummies in the old English style. They can be got in many patterns, and laundries, which are so durable, can be made in the entire decoration of the room—bedspread, canopy, window hangings, and dressing table covers.

At the windows it is prettiest to hang the curtains straight down each side with a full valance across the top. Cushions for chairs and corner seats can be made to match, too.

THE EVENING STORY

HIS ARTISTIC INSTINCT.

By H. T. GEORGE.

It would not be quite fair to Floyd to say that she had rehearsed the scene, but certainly she had planned it very carefully beforehand. It is even possible that she had a fine sense of the dramatic possibilities, for a woman can indulge her theatrical instincts when her heart is breaking. Moreover, she did not mean to know that she cared. But even if it were quite true that she had ceased to love her, she had fancied that in the moment of loving her she would care. And this was the crucial moment, when she held out to him the ring—the ring whose sweet significance she had hidden from her friends, that the secret of their love might lie between her heart and his.

He took the little symbolic quietly. His face was white, but that was from anger, she thought. "You are sure you know what you are saying, Floyd?" he asked quietly. "I quite understand," she said, the fingers of her wide gripping the sobs in her throat. "And I am not blaming you in the least. You would not be the artist you are if you did not love beauty. And if you should marry a woman who was not beautiful, it would not be your fault if you repented it. But it would be your fault—and here—if you married her. We will not make that mistake, you and I."

"I had thought," he retorted sharply, "that you were above being jealous of another woman's face." There was a disappointment in his voice that hurt her, even while she flushed angrily under the insult.

"You may call it that if you like," she replied. "It is not because you have painted her portrait. I am above being jealous of your models; but I am tired of hearing you praise her—that is all, tired of seeing you look at her from the moment she enters a room until she leaves it; tired of sitting by while you sketch her, and being asked to admire her eyelashes and the curve of her chin. I am tired of all this—I who am not a beauty, who can in no way appeal to your artistic instincts."

"I did not want you for a model," he began.

"No, you have shown me that often enough."

"And I have told you that I am not at all in love with Miss Erwin, and that I am very much in love with you. But I can't promise that when I marry you I shall close my eyes thenceforth to beauty in women. I shall always admire a pretty woman."

"I know that," she said quietly, "and that is why your model would be always happier than your wife."

Lespard reached for his hat. "You are impossible, Floyd," he said impatiently. "Tomorrow I'll come up again. By that time you will see things more clearly."

"That will be quite useless," she retorted. "I would rather you did not come again. And perhaps—Floyd had never broken an engagement before, and her ideas of the process were largely traditional—perhaps you will be good enough to send me back the letters I have sent you."

Something the night had been a laugh in Lespard's eyes was drowned in apprehensive pity.

"My dear girl," he said apologetically, "you know what sort of a fellow I am. It really never occurred to me—I was seeing you every day, you know—to save your letters."

The next day, when Floyd met Russell, who shared a studio with Lespard, he greeted her warmly, and asked her if she was on her way to the fête—the studio fête she had helped Lespard to plan, and which she was trying to forget. It was in honor of the "Lady in Blue," who was to be unveiled. When she told Russell she was not going to the studio, he gently chided her with his honest, critical eyes, as well as with his voice, in a way that made Floyd hesitate.

With a woman's grasp of details in the face of a crisis, she reviewed the fact that her gown was appropriate for the occasion, and that her last covert glance into a plate glass window had been not unsatisfactory. And if Russell suspected, he might fancy she was afraid—afraid of Miss Erwin! She turned the next corner with a whim.

"It was entertaining a bore!" in a headache," she told him confidentially. "But for your sake, Mr. Russell—"

"For my sake," he said gratefully; and they went together.

Lespard shook hands with her gravely. His cold, dignified reproach frightened her, and she felt very small and lost in the thronged studio, filled with technical criticisms and low laughter.

She was only one of the rest, but the "Lady in Blue" was supreme. The picture, the painted proud face with its insolent knowledge of itself, faced the model across the room, and she looked from one to the other, and hated both fiercely.

"My head is so bad!" she told him. Her voice shook pitifully.

"I am sorry," he said gently. "Perhaps if you sit here quietly it will be better. The rooms are overworked."

He came back presently with a well-worn portfolio in his hand.

"Would you like to look at these sketches?" he asked. "They're mostly Lespard's. I make it a point to lose mine."

They went away laughing. Floyd opened the portfolio, turning the pages of impressionistic daubs listlessly. And then a thin sheet of paper fluttered out. She picked it up and looked at it hungrily, pitifully, for the line at the top was in Lespard's handwriting, and she read it through a mist of tenderness.

"My dear mother—" it ran, and then stopped abruptly. The rest of the sheet was covered with sketches—pen and ink sketches—sketches of—

Floyd gave a half-articulate little sob of rapturous assurance. "They're me!" she whispered ungrammatically. "Me, all of them!"

A face shadowed by a drooping Gainsborough, a face tipped upward to the light, a face in profile, with the loose hair falling about it, a face half in shadow, only the eyes distinct—and all the faces hers.

"My dear mother—" and then at the name of the woman he had loved first he had fallen to dreaming of the woman he loved most. After all, he had been the lover of tradition, seeing his

sweetheart's face in her absence, and seeing it beautiful through his loss.

What was that portrait on the easel to these half-finished sketches? He had painted that because the woman was fair and he could sell her face. He had drawn these because the face was in his heart, and he loved it.

Russell, striding back to her corner, looked down into radiantly uplifted eyes. "You like the sketches?" he asked. And then he lifted the paper and laughed at her. "Oh, woman, woman! Thy name is unchanged!" he sighed despairingly.

Floyd flushed guiltily. "I am afraid—" she began, and then she laid her hand on his, with the trust some men inspire in women. "I fancy you know why I liked that page so well?" she said shyly.

"I have guessed," he answered. "One could live long with Lespard and not guess."

He turned upon Miss Erwin at his side. But Floyd's smile did not falter. "Yes, it is late, and I have not congratulated you. I'll do that tonight, if you come up. You will come, won't you? I shall be waiting."

"I will come," he said kindly, and rather as one bestows a favor upon a child who has been naughty and repented.

That night Lespard hailed Russell as he came into the room.

"I began a letter to my mother the other day," he said. "Do you know where I laid it? I've forgotten how much I'd written, but I want to finish it and post it on my way to Floyd's. Oh, here it is in your portfolio. Why, what the—say, who did this? It's Floyd!"

"You did it," Russell said, flinching a little. "And she found it this afternoon."

He bore Lespard's stare heroically. "Well—that was skillful of you, old man," Lespard said at length. "Poor little thing, she was jealous of Miss Erwin. So this is the explanation of the truth!"

"That and this," Russell said shortly. He set his mouth hard as he laid the

watercolor before his friend, who regarded it critically.

"By Jove, old man, that's good!" he said. "That's a fine color scheme. I never saw her wear that dress."

"Yes, you did—the night you first met her; and you remembered it and painted it. You see, I have to recall all this so that you can discuss the matter intelligently tonight."

Lespard was silent for a long time. At last he laid the picture gently down. "And she didn't notice the name on the cover?" he asked most tenderly.

"No," replied Russell, quietly. "She didn't look for the name on the cover."

Lespard came back after he had left the room, and put a tiny sketch book in his pocket.

"I didn't know these things pleased a woman," he explained apologetically. "You understand better than I."

"I didn't do it to please a woman," Russell answered slowly. "He was staring down at the study in violet and gray."

"I know," Lespard said hurriedly. "It was only that she happened to appeal to your artistic instinct."

"Yes, Russell agreed, smiling now at the face. "That was it, perhaps."



"He has made me prettier than I am," she said, not so irrelevantly as it sounded.

Floyd colored again with happiness at the revelation in his speech.

"He has made me prettier than I am," she said, not so irrelevantly as it sounded.

Russell studied her face for a moment. "I would trust his memory, if I were you, I think," he said; and he drew another sheet from the portfolio.

Floyd gasped as she looked at it. It was a watercolor drawing of herself, and she remembered the night she had worn that gown of violet and gray. It was the night Russell had introduced her to Lespard. He had remembered her, then, as she came into his life that night.

"Yes," Floyd decided critically. "It is almost beautiful. And he has handled the nose so skillfully! It is such a tender smudge!" In her happiness, she was able to see the humor of it.

She sat in the corner a long time, watching Lespard across the room with a rhapsody in her eyes.

As the crowd thinned she made her pent-up way to him.

"Are you going?" he asked coolly, the smile fading from the face that had

in art shades of silk shirred at the top and edged with turquoise beads. Large turquoise beads furnished the bottom edge, from which hung a fringe of small beads put on in circular effect. Long pendants of beads hung like earrings between the circular fringe.

Printed silk is used for shades of all sorts, and a desirable shade of blue and yellow silk fringe, one put on top of the other.

A Japanese den has a pair of drop electric light shades made of figured rep crepe finished with a beaded edge. The shades looked like lotus blossoms and had green crepe leaves delicately veined with silk.

One of the prettiest ideas for a candle was original with a hostess who gave a birthday dinner recently. On the center of the table were twenty-two candles in honor of the guest. Instead of a candlestick each white candle was thrust through a huge yellow silk chrysanthemum. The shade idea was just reversed.

Even cotton and linen fabrics are used for shades. It is quite the fashion to embroider one's own shades to suit the individual taste. Sometimes they are buttonhole stitched, and have a heavily embroidered edge, and are desirable because of their laundering qualities. One of favored linen was embroidered with pink apple blossoms, and had a red beaded fringe.

NOVEL BRIDAL VEIL.

Every bride likes to have something new and original in her costume for that occasion of occasions. Here is a pretty idea that will be something new and yet true to the old custom of the veil.

You can have any material you choose that is soft and filmy. Then have wreaths or garlands painted in the most delicate shades and flowers. The conventional orange blossoms are, of course, the most appropriate, but the pale tinted wreaths are charming and relieve the all white of the regulation bride attire.

LATEST IN LAMP SHADES.

Once More They Are Beruffled and Befrilled in Chiffon and Lace.

Lamp shades of today are rivals of the fair ladies in their ringings of chiffons and laces, ruffs and ruches. They remind one somewhat of the ballet dancer shades of some years ago, when the white beruffled lamps resembled for all the world the tarlatan skirts of the premiere.

Most conspicuous among the materials used are chiffons and ruchings, apropos of the ruche and ruff fad which is on. Some shades which have a chiffon or mousseline foundation are completely covered with narrow ruching of a contrasting shade. Rosy color, red or green are the favorites for the foundation scheme, as the light gives the cheeriest effects through these colors.

One of the handsomest shades seen was on a piano lamp. It was a Parisian novelty in the shape known as the empire. The frame was covered with a green green mousseline, accordion pleated, and pink crepe de lisse ruching with gilt edge was put on in a bow knot design all over the shade. Two rows of narrow ruching finished the top, and a double frill of accordion pleated ruching finished the bottom.

A lamp shade, which resembles a parasol more than anything else, is known as the canopy shade. It is made of silk, chiffon, lace and flowers. An exclusive design was seen in violet with white and pink roses surmounting the top and cascading down the sides with the violet ribbon. The top of the shade had bias folds of violet silk running around the shade. Lengthwise ruches of silk are put on to look like the spokes of a wheel about twelve inches. The rest of the trimming was lace, which was put on in sunshade effect around and around in frills edged with silk ruching.

A simpler shade which is an oddity is of ribbon and chiffon. The color scheme is pink and white. Circles of laced pink and white ribbon, each one edged with white and applied above the top in medallions form the shade proper, and a deep flounce of white chiffon over pink circles finishes the bottom. Each of the ruffles is edged with lace.

The new accordion-pleated liberties, which are shaded, are also used for shades, and are quite effective. Their sole trimming is French flowers and leaves, and they are made of a foundation of red silk covered with white daisies made of satin ribbon.

Another elaborate candle shade was

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